Duke Dangerfield

DECLARING

How he Repreſented

The D. of MON--

In the COUNTRY;

With his Miraculous gift of *Touching*, making *Knights*, and other Pranks in *Staffordſhire*. How he was brought to Town, Examin'd before the King and Counſell, and Committed to *Newgate*.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Dangerfield, having brought himſelf to the laſt ſhift, and that ſo damnable black, that it was ready to drop off his back for want of Change, began thus to argue with himſelf.

Am I he that laid ſo many profound Plots? that famous *Dangerfield* that writ the Legend, the Inconvincible Narrative! that laid the Foundation of a deep Plot in the bottom of a Meal-Tub? He that offer'd to kill his King for 20 *l.* and ſhall I now be afraid to take upon me the perſon of a Duke? The D. of *M*--A Duke out of Faſhion, and out at heels, no place nor being in the Earth, and but a Vagabond, no more then my ſelf?

This is no Age for Whoreing, Swearing nor Lying, I'le try what fooling will do. I will be a Duke, and the Duke of *Mon*--I, and a King for the time, and why ſhou'd I not? I am an *Engliſh* Man as well as he, I am as good a Subject as he, and for ought I know, have as good a Title to the Crown.

With that having furniſhed himſelf with a Star and a Purple Livery Coat purchas'd in *Long-lane*, down he went into *Staffordſhire*, keeping the Star cloſe cover'd under a Campain Coat

The Baniſhment of the D. of *M*--out of *Bruſſells*, made luckely for his purpoſe, for being turn'd out of *Flanders* beyond the Seas, the *Straffordians* thought he had no other Refuge but into *England*, He did not fail to confirm them in this opinion, ever and anon talking of *Flanders*, *Bruſſels*, and the unkindneſs of the *M. de Grana* in baniſhing him his Territories; which with the Star and blew Garter (which now and then he took occaſion to ſhew) made the People believe he was not only the D. of *M.* but ador'd him as a King.

And

And now to convince them, that he was of Royal Extraction, he begins with his first Miracle of Touching (as a gift peculiar to himself) for he generally Touched all Night, besides once or twice a day as the patient presented. As a Badge of his Royalty, he tyed about their Necks Counterfeit half Geanies which he Coyned himself for that purpose, fastned in half-peny Tape, for every of which he had two real Gennies which put him in stock.

The next, his Counterfeit Grace (to give further tokens of his Soveraignty) falls a Knighting all the Scum of the Country, by which means in a short time he brought 400*l.* Fees into the Treasury, *viz.*

Sir *Jer. Joll.* Dogboy,	Sir *Solomon Sole*, Cobler,
Sir *Simon Smut*, Blacksmith,	Sir *Lionel Long*, Carrier,
Sir *Barnaby Button*, Weaver,	Sir *Brason Nose*, Kettle Tinker.

Ferguson was principal Chaplain, *Baxter* Arch Bishop of *Canterbury*, D. *Bur*---Dean of the Chappel, with other Changes at Court, which will be to tedious to Name.

Having got six blank Patents for Baronets (which he design'd to dispose of in the Citty) away he trudges to Town. He had not got to *Milsend* when he was discover'd by an old Sufferer, *John Sing*, an honest Lay-man, who this D. *Dangerfield* had twice put up in *Newgate* for a Jesuit. He dog'd him to *White-Chappel* where he see him lodged, and brought the Intelligence to *Madam Celier*, who glad to catch the old Badger in his own Trap, went with a strong Guard and secured his Grace in the presence, which was the Kitching, under a Canopie in the Chimney Corner. The sham Duke seeing himself thus surpriz'd, and by one whom he had so much abus'd before, cry'd out *Celiere*! The Scarlet Witch! The Eternal Sorceres.

Cel. *Dangerfield*, the Rogue in Grain! the Everlatting Villain!

Dan. Hast thou outliv'd my Fury? Withstood all the Volleys of Turnips and rotten Eggs, and lives yet to be my Tormenter?

Cel. I have outliv'd the Pillory, to see thee recant at the Gallows.

Dan. This is a plaguy turn of Fortune. What worse can happen?

Cel. Yes, When thou art turn'd off the Ladder with a mealy mouth'd Confession.

Dan. The Meal Tub Plot was mine I must confess, though you suffer'd for

Cel. Do you begin to confess? You know what follows.

Dan. If I had been hang'd when I was *Dangerfield*, and a poor Devil, no had pitty'd me, But now I have liv'd to be a Duke, I dye with Honour, and a Fig for the World.

Cel. Thou wast ever an Impudent fellow, but this was boldness indeed, to take his Name upon thee, when no Man wou'd be in his Coat. Now you must answer for't and all your Villany.

With that they carry'd him in a Coach with a strong Guard, and a great Retinue of his old Friends the Rabble, to *White-hall*, where being Examined by the King and Councell (having nothing to say but that he knew the worst on't) he was carried to *Newgate* in the same splendor where any Woman may be Touched, or Man dub'd Knight of the Order for 13-Pence-half-penny.

LONDON, Printed for *J. Smith.* 1685.